you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"Art thou that 'Lily of the Field,'
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem of the thoughtful mind,
Of God's paternal care?

"Not this, I trow; for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those Children of the East;
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parched Esdrela's plain,
And Tabor's oak girt crest.

"More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
Their brilliant disks unfold;
Fit symbols of imperial state,
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnished gold.

"But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display thy Maker's power,
His skill and handy-work;
Our western valley's humble child,
Where in green nook of woodland wild
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

"What though no care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread so twine,
Yet born to bloom and fade;
Thee too a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'en in Israel's brightest days,
Her wealthiest kings array'd.

"Of thy twin leaves the embowered screen,
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green,
Thy Eden-breathing smell;
Thy arched and purple vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
Displays a milk white bell;

"Instinct with life thy running root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
And berries scarlet red;

"The triple cell, the two-fold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall wear her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow.

"Who forms thee thus, with unseen hand?
Who, at creation gave command,
And willed thee thus to be;
And keeps thee still in being through
Age after age revolving? who
But the great God is he.

"Omnipotent to work his will;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill,
The post to each assigned;
Still provident with sleepless care,
To keep, to make thee sweet and fair,
For man's enjoyment—kind!